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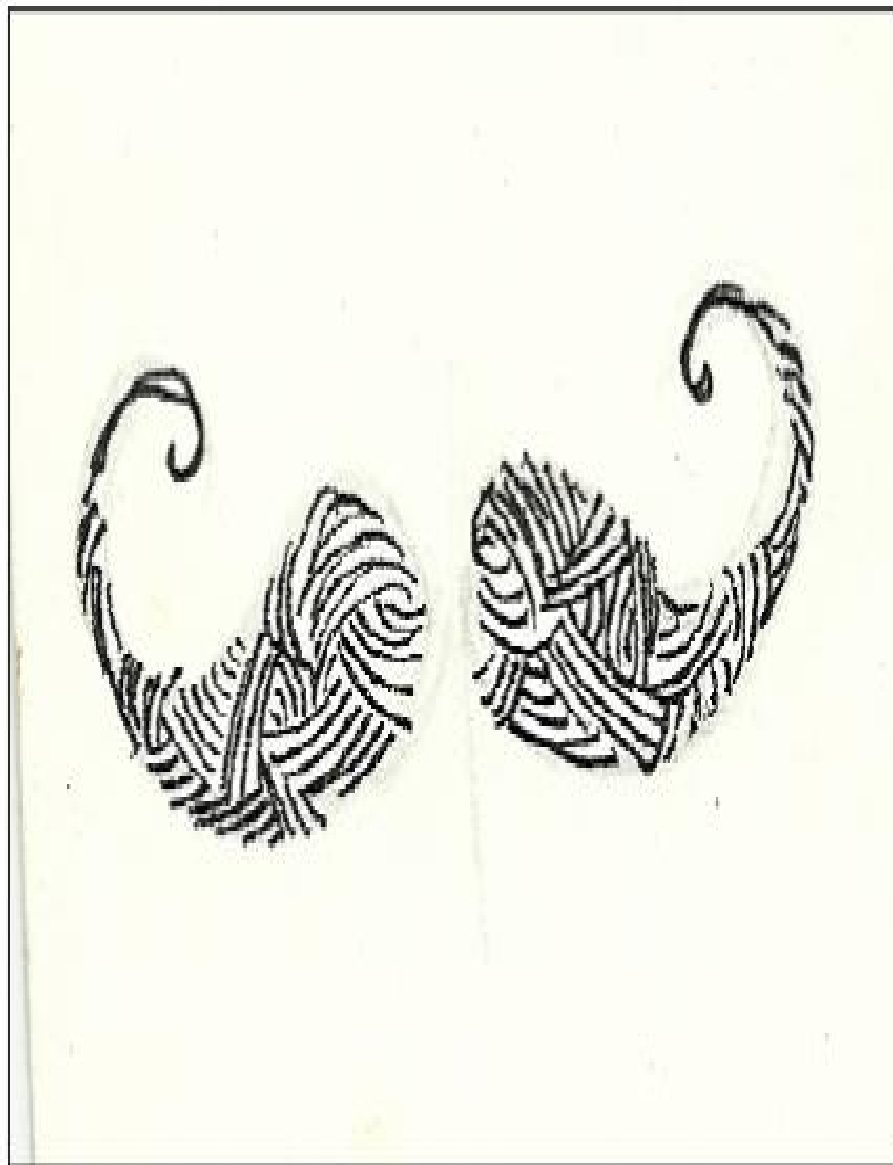
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The Student Insurgent

21 years of thought and action

volume 21 issue 3 february 2010





Title: "Beard"

Artist: Nik Wise

# Student insurgent

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## about.us

The Student Insurgent is based out of the University of Oregon in Eugene. We are a radical publication that seeks to deconstruct the existing social order to facilitate its replacement with one which is ecologically sound and functions on egalitarian lines.

We strive to be an open forum, somewhere the silenced and the oppressed can express their ideas and opinions free from the filters of the mainstream media.

Subscriptions are \$15 a year by mail. The Insurgent is distributed freely to UO students, the community, and prisoners.

## submissions.

Submissions...The Insurgent encourages its readers and supporters to submit news and feature articles, short fiction and poetry, cultural criticism, theory, reviews, etc. Graphics, cartoons, and photos are more than welcome. Priority will be given to local news and analysis. We reserve the right to edit anything and everything we receive for grammar, clarity, or length. All articles, with the exception of unsigned Editorials, merely reflect the opinion of their authors and not that of the Student Insurgent.

## staff.

Co-Editors: Chris Pollard, Cimmeron Gillespie, Abby Bluth and Ashley Pennington.

Contributors: Brett Baren, Ashley Young, John Sheehy, Nathan Montgomery, Josh Kennett, Max Smoot, Emily Walker and Matt Silbernagel.

# this

# issue

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# To Our Dear Insurgent Readers,

In its last issue for the month of January (2801), the Eugene Weekly published an article entitled "Art & the City," in which they called for more public art in downtown Eugene. Indeed, for a town that loudly proclaims itself as "The Greatest City for the Arts and the Outdoors," there is a very significant something lacking from the picture (and, believe us, it's not the outdoors). As a historic hotspot for alternative and counter-cultural lifestyles, not to mention the chosen home of dozens of artists, writers, and musicians of international repute, you would expect the streets and buildings of Eugene to be littered with murals, busquers, sculptures, gardens, and other forms of public art which would accurately reflect such a strong legacy. Instead, we have a city that seems to be slowly strangling, artistically speaking, with a few murals scattered here and there, seemingly placed more for the sake of disguising the ugliness of Eugene's several large empty pits rather than to express beauty of any sort, and a public square named after one of the greatest cultural revolutionaries of all time that stands empty most of the year (excepting an occasional homeless person walking around). Sure, there's the Hull Center, the McDonald Theater, the W.O.W. Hall, Sam Bond's Garage, Cozmic Pizza, and another dozen or so cafes, bars, and art galleries that host exhibitions and performances of various kinds - and, of course, Saturday Market - but don't let what seems to be such a long list fool you.

As long as we allow Art to be something that is kept behind the walls of concert venues and in the basements of museums, it will continue to remain prisoner in the places it has for so long tried to escape from. As long as Art is a thing that happens on Friday nights for the price of 10-20-50 dollars, it will forever remain the thing it has tried for so long to destroy - a packaged commodity to be exploited and marketed for profit, instead of being used as a tool for human liberation.

The time has come for a prison-break. We can no longer allow our spirits to languish and suffer in the cages of conformity and capitalism. We call on all peoples, young, old, whether they be "artists" or not, whether they be "radical" or not, whether they be "intellectual" or not, to set themselves free. And as all paths to freedom must begin with the human mind, we demand therefore the complete and unconditional liberation of our creativity.

This issue is our personal contribution to the beginnings of what we hope will be a revealing conversation about the nature of ourselves and the world we live in, as well as a contribution to the beginnings of the process to rid ourselves of this world and discover a new one, where art and creativity are not things that happen in museums, art galleries, or even in the pages of a radical magazine, but rather are ways of life that are breathed and lived by all peoples, in every place, at every moment. At the very least, we hope that the words and images you find in these pages will inspire you to see what your own hands can create. In this issue, you will find art that has been created by students and residents of Eugene. All we ask of you, dear reader, is that you consider your own creative capabilities, and perhaps one day put them to use - not in a magazine, as we, ironically, have done, but rather on the streets and buildings of Eugene, or wherever you may be living. Can you dig it?

Sincerely,  
Your Insurgent Staff



Title: "Lorax Mop Bucket"

Artist: Max Smoot

Ashley Young

Words

words

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Yell-() to them,

but do not tread in their palace of glass-  
that's their land.

They work for me,

keep you entertained,

keep you herded

in lines and on lists

to provide pointless passion.

My pedigree is mighty,

it don't come cheap.

But you shall inherit the riches of this

world!

Happy high in the hills,

so elevated above the scum below.

Good thing I loved you,

or you might be soiled like them,

the poor dirty ignorants.

I will keep you clean,

provide your hands Purell.

I will give you the power to lose your

soul, and to buy your happiness.

...

Ashley Young

Today

Today

today I look outside and you are no

where to be seen

my throat catches and I worry that this is

a preview of the future

am I going to look out the window one

day and not be able to find you

am I going to wake up one day and not

see you next to me in bed

laying naked in bed will I feel a sudden

stall as I realize that you're not near me

and I'm all alone in a large bed with you

no where near me

as I am freaking out outside but staying

relatively calm on the outside

I look up one last time just in time to

catch you running up to me

My breath catches in a whole different

way as you pick me

and swing me in circles showering me in

kisses all the while

"I love you" you whisper into my ear and

I am euphoric

The sudden single red drop of blood that

falls between our happy reunion

breaks the carefree mood and opens

some of the skeletons we hid in our

closet

...

Richie Scott

Poemish

Hello my darling ducklings

Tis I your mother-

your shelter,

your guidance,

your future.

In my warm bosom you rest,

in cells short bread and water.

You are but a number,

just one of my children,

your barcode is my love.

Heed you,

I teach you,

I make you sweat

and I ramp your head-

But I love you.

You rely on me with pride

Your heart beats yellow

Your lungs breathe green,

your soul shall always quack.

I will make you who you are.

I promise you will conquer the world.

But first!

You must become a part of me,

another in the crowd.

What I say, you buy.

What I hate, you hate.

Do not question my ways

Worship your gods-

for they throw the pigskin!

5insurgent flow to them,

Ashley Young

Rose Garden

rose garden

flowery scents assault my nostrils

and I am lost

the sky begins to cry

tears bigger than I can comprehend

which only works to intensify the

unbearable scent

and my feeling of loss

in this god forsaken rose garden

that I never wanted to behold again

I sense him everywhere

I swear to god I can see glimpses of him

from

time

to

time

that bastard who broke me

that devil in sheep's clothing

who took me in

and took everything I had to give

and everything I couldn't afford to lose

that whore who left me alone and naked

and now I find myself in the garden

where so much pain happened

is this some kind of universal

punishment

I wonder inside

too afraid to voice my inquiry

too afraid to test whether or not

my hallucinations

are real

too afraid to see him

to be broken again

when I have nothing to give anymore

I'll just lie down in this rose garden

and wait

for the wolf

in sheep's clothing

to rape me again.

...

Got some cool poetry

laying around? Submit

it to studentinsurgent@

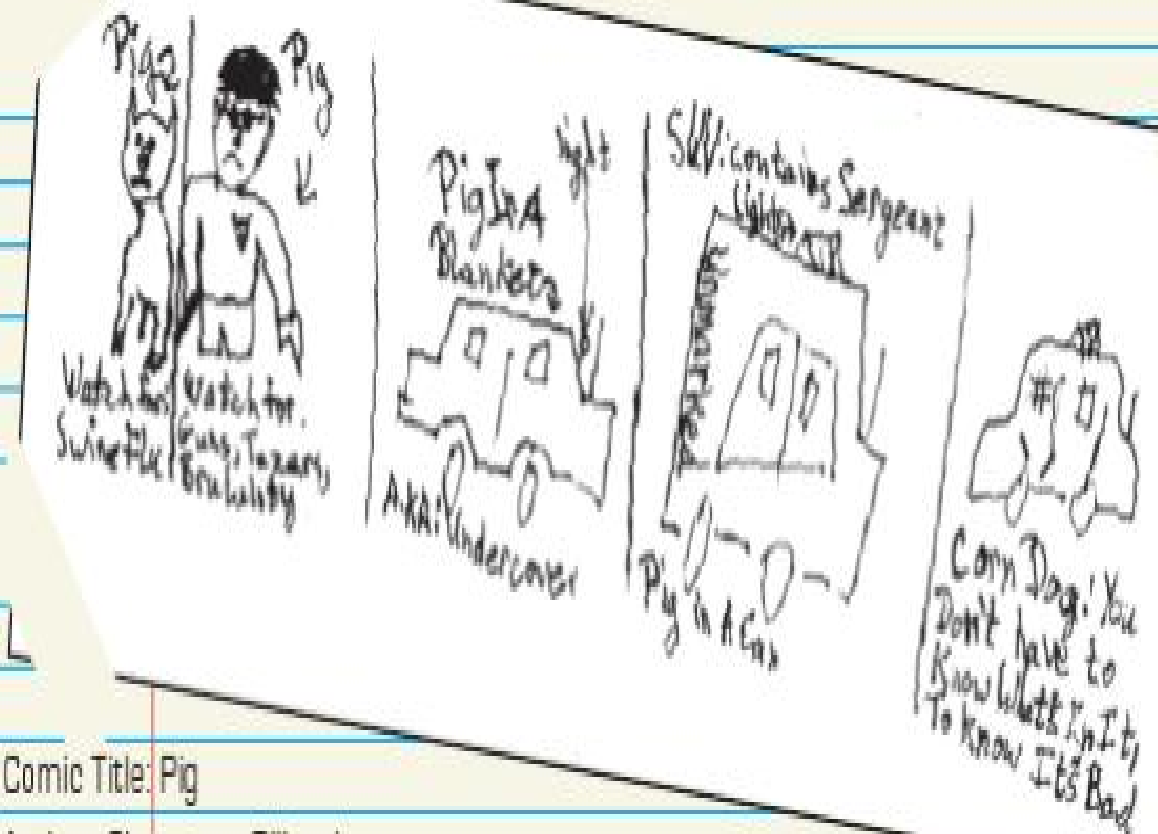
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issue.

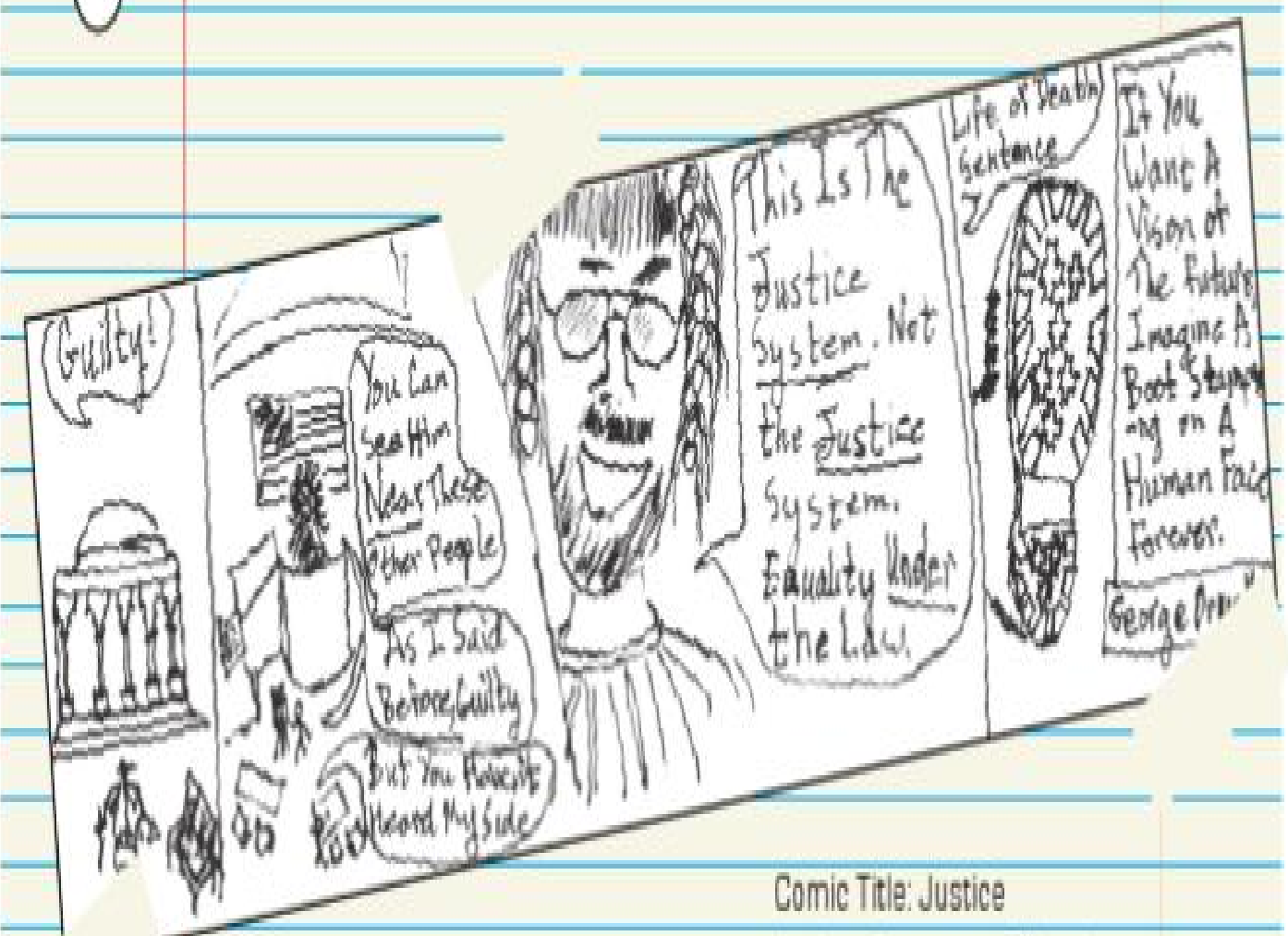
\*lit.

\*comics.



Comic Title: Pig

Author: Cimmeron Gillespie



Comic Title: Justice

Author: Cimmeron Gillespie



# Reggae Revolutionaries

## An Interview with Indubious

By John Sheehy

I think most people who have seen Indubious or any other similar bands before will agree with me that witnessing them in concert is like stepping into another world. For me, every time I step into the WOW Hall for a show like this, for a split-second I always feel like I've just entered some giant tree trunk in a far-off mystical forest populated friendly tree-dwellers and fairy folk, which could just be one of the many reasons why this band keeps drawing me back, time and time again.

The first time I ever saw Indubious was in October 2009. Made up of Transplants member Matty T Wells on drums and brothers Eytan B and Skip Wicked on keyboards and bass, respectively, the band regularly tours up and down the West Coast, stopping in Eugene roughly every other month. While it would be impossible to fully describe just how amazing this trio is on stage, I can say with certainty that I was hooked from the very first song. Since then, I have seen them three times, including their most recent appearance at the WOW on January 12th where they played with long-time collaborator Aleyon Massive as well as the Californian group Tribal Seeds. It was on this night that I got to sit down with Indubious after their show and ask them a lot more about their music and their message.

"We decided name Indubious about Eytan B. 'Indubious' means undoubtful and sure of one's self, and our motto, which is 'live means living without fear'." Based out of Indubious is but one of the West Coast's New Age community along with artists such as the previously mentioned Aleyon Massive, Mystic Roots, and the T Club. Musically speaking, most people would probably classify Indubious as a reggae band, but as Eytan B remarked, that's not wholly accurate. "It's funny, because, for lack of a better genre, we've been classified as reggae, and we play with other reggae bands. But we never really felt like we fit in so directly with them, you know? Because, what we're doing is really carving out a new niche in the music scene and creating a new genre, and until it's well established, we're always going to feel that way."

This statement is clearly reflected in the melodies crafted by the group onstage, which, while clearly influenced by reggae, also contain heavy elements of funk and on-stage improv, which are uncommon for a traditional reggae band. As Skip noted, Indubious is a very musician-oriented band, with a lot of individuality among its members. "I don't think anyone is really interested in making a reggae band or a funk band. I think everyone's kind of doing their own thing, which makes for an interesting sandwich of fun," he says.

From the point of view of the audience, seeing Indubious perform is like taking mushrooms for the first time. At the back of the stage you've got Matty T Wells, drumming out a steady rhythmic beat which provides the backbone for the duo upfront, comprised of Eytan's brainy synths and Skip's pulsating - and occasional mind-blowingly funky - basslines. Add this to the fantastic interplay of green, orange, and purple hues that cast the stage in a harmonious glow, the rampant odor of pot smoke in the air, and the hundred or so dancing bodies in the crowd (ranging from

the dreadlocked and dirty to the most clean-cut of college students), all radiating positive vibes of love and friendliness, and you've got one spectacular assault on the senses. Sprinkling of psychedelics, I asked Indubious what their stance was on drug-use and spiritual enlightenment.

"We don't advocate drug-use. We advocate anything that feels like it gets you closer to god, or whatever you want to call god, and I don't advocate people going out and using things to run away. I don't advocate that at all. I advocate people going to seek what they want to find, and if people feel like they want to do that through the use of Cannabis or psychedelics, I would say that those things have been known to help people reach new creative pinnacles in their lives and the true nature of the world."

says Skip. "But those things can be overused, be blanketed as just which I don't agree."

"And the alcohol is the drug continued Eytan. It's the one that dumb and slow and sedated. You don't change the world a beer. You want the world when on acid and you've seen the why they demonize. They don't want those pinnacles, us out of conformity oneness that is the existence."

As of the New Age was also curious to thoughts on 2012, people anticipate era of spiritual Skip took the floor:

"People are right: the world is waking up."

The people that can't see that are the ones who are trying to deny the fact that the world is waking up. But here's something that you guys should all remember: your perception of the world is very based on what time you're alive in this timeline of the creation of man and all this stuff. If you go back thousands and thousands of years, you have no reference, no frame of mind to those times. All you have is right now and all you have is this time. And I'll tell you one thing if you take this time out of context, it's the quickest time that people have spiritually awoken up to the truth. It's the darkest of times and it's also one of the most lit up times, and what I mean is that, time is speeding up so rapidly, and things are happening so synchronistically, that once 2012 hits it's like time is speeding up to this one pinnacle."

"Tipping point," interjects Matty. "A Tipping point!" exclaims Skip. "And what I truly believe 2012 will be is a time for everybody to learn that all of the things that we thought were important before, we can drop those. We can go back to ancient techniques. Technology can still help us, we can still use technology, but guess what? We've got to grow our own food, we've got to have our own communities, we've got to know our neighbors, and we've got to have love in our hearts. If we don't have those things, we're not going to survive, and people are going to have an apocalypse if they cannot truly accept those principles. So you're going to have the end of days for some, and the beginning of days for others, and I'm truly blessed to feel that it's going to be the beginning of days for Indubious."

In addition to being on the road, the group is also hard at work at home promoting their newly-formed label Righteous Sound Productions, which they are in the process of turning into a non-profit on which they released their latest album "Cosmic Seed" as well as Aleyon Massive's debut album "Dreaming the World Awake." As for touring, the band has stated that they are in preparation for an Islands' tour, followed by a possible tour of Japan. Ultimately, however, Indubious sees no limits in spreading the message of love, light, and community, and as Skip says: "There's beautiful people all over the world, and I just can't wait to meet them all."

So, whether or not you've heard of Indubious before or even like them, the message is clear. And while the group has no current performance date for Eugene as of yet, you can be sure to hear their music and find out more about them on [www.indubiousmusic.com](http://www.indubiousmusic.com) and [myspace.com/indubious](http://myspace.com/indubious). See you at the next show!



like anything abused, they and they can plain okay with."

reason that that is legal." B. "is because keeps people keeps people want to go when you have to go change you're trying seen god and reality. That's psychedelics, people to have because it takes and into the reality of our"

members community, I get these guys and what some as being a new enlightenment.

waking left and waking up.



Title: "Pooh Bear"

Artist: Josh Kennett



Title: No Title Submitted

Artist: Alexos Kinaleis



# A PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST

One of our reporters sat down with local artist, Nikolas Wise, to figure out what makes UO's art students tick. Here's what we've uncovered.

By Ashley Pennington

The one bedroom apartment is cold. Actually, it's freezing—unbearably so. The brand-new space heater seems to be doing little for the overall temperature of the room. In addition to the temperature (or lack thereof) anyone with two eyes and a cerebral cortex will notice

that there seems to be a strange, wooden monster embedded in the wall of the living room. The spine of the monster pokes out of its hiding spot in the wall as it sits, frozen in time and space.

A wiry figure suddenly emerges from the back of the apartment, jumping up and down on a single foot—almost knocking over a very large and new looking computer—in the process of wriggling into a long pair of socks. The figure stands up momentarily to regain balance and smiles goofily before disappearing again.

"Don't worry about that sculpture," he shouts from the kitchen. "That's just an old project of mine from last year."

Ambling back into the room, he carefully balances a mason jar, cell phone and large pitcher of water, which he sets down expertly on to a coffee table supported by scattered cinderblocks. Several brushes and pens roll off its surface fleeing towards some unfinished drawings and an open notebook. He reaches for the space heater as he takes a seat on the floor. He struggles to reach the machine despite the length of his arms, which seem as though they should be more than adequate to do the job; the machine nearly topples over him.

Nikolas Ashlin Wise can be found, on most evenings, working away in a studio buried deep within the University of Oregon's School of Architecture and Allied Arts. Meticulously he slaves over a large, antiquated printing press. While he turns the giant wheel which powers the press, he suddenly transforms from a humble



art student to the captain of a ship.

"I've fallen in love with a print shop this year," says Nikolas, smiling again—something he seems to do a lot of. "I would absolutely love to work with presses." This Friday evening Nikolas will spend about three hours working and reworking his prints. The image, a crow and blocks of type, signifying the perceived death of print media, is giving him particular trouble. The conversation between him and the other students in the studio subsides as he begins to mutter to himself in frustration. The second pressing of the crow is slightly higher, leaving the pupil of its eye towards the top of the socket. The effect gives one the impression that even the bird is irritated with the result.

"You have to be so technical and precise with print work!" Nik groans as the second of the two prints rolls through the press. This is a process which involves four main parts. First the copper plate is prepared through etching the grooves and texture on to the plate; then the plate is covered with ink, making sure that all the excess ink is removed. The paper is then aligned on top of the plate on the bed of the press which is then covered with three different mats to ensure that both the mat, plate and press are all protected from

each other as well as to transfer the pressure of the roller to the plate. The last step involves turning the giant wheel of the press which pushes the paper into the plate.

"I really love the sitting down and making and building with your hands," he says, despite his frustration.

After observing Nikolas in this environment, however, it is difficult to imagine that there was a time when art was the last thing he

thought about.

"I went to a school that didn't have any art programs at all and I was not considering art as a way of living my life. I never had," he says. "I actually really disliked doing all of the artsy stuff in the middle school I went to."

Over the course of the year, however, the margins of his notebook slowly but surely filled up with doodles and drawings. What began as a means to pass the long minutes in a high school health class, turned into more than an obsession, it became his way of life.

"The art I make is about an exploration of ideas. But I guess you could also say that math is an exploration of ideas, but I think there's a sort of shared elegance there, I guess." He says of his own work. It is clearly by the shifting a fidgeting that he is more comfortable speaking about art on a personal level.

The movements subside and something flows out of his brain and makes a connection with the ether.

"Art is a way for society to dream." He pauses. "The artist is society's think-tank. It's where culture can go to play and not have to worry about being important and real, because if it's important and real it'll become that and if it's not—you know fuck it—you can just call it art put it in a gallery and have someone laugh at you."

"This happens when art is in tune with society and culture... it internalizes society's experience and synthesizes it. Sometimes it works, like with the Dadaists and sometimes it doesn't, like with the Futurists." He explains.

It's obvious that this too, is a deeply personal statement for Nikolas. "Art is my personal development." He says later. It is this deeply intimate connection with art as a mode of expression that seems to set him apart from his peers. That and his ability to go from commanding silence with his passion for art and his playful manner when talking about the process.

"It starts with a seed of an idea, which [are] the scribbles that live in notebooks. Like, for example, I have one scribble that I'm planning on developing, you know how they abbreviate page to 'pg' so it's like 'pg 5'?" I was thinking you could also abbreviate pig to 'pg'. So I'm thinking about pages and pigs, which is the same sort of alternative construction as the beers and the bears— which I've been going on about for ages," he explains.

And then you attach to it like visual ideas of what you can do with bears and beers and pig-pages or page-pigs. And so you... sort of get into that zone of just playing... it's like with those wooden blocks everyone used to have and fight over when they were kids." He's excited now, acting out a child throwing wooden blocks in anger at another child (his space heater).

"So you fold this new idea of bears and beers or pages and pigs into the old ideas and they combine and weave together into the current project and then you avoid finishing it because that's scary." He finishes completely straight-faced, but excited.

He pulls out a poster that he said he made about the bears and beers idea. It is a public service announcement done partially with watercolor and partially with the computer. The image is of a bear sitting, dreadfully intoxicated, on top of a large pile of beer bottles and cans. The message warns against the dangerous combination of bears and beers and it might be the one of the more creative public service announcements in existence.

"I'm much more at home with the preliminaries than I am at taking a project through that last step to finished and done— and that's something that really bothers me." That may be, but after a mere five minutes of conversation with Nik, one can clearly see that his interests span far more subjects than just art, which causes one to ask why study it?

"Before I did my formal education what I was doing was so much looser—so ill defined. It was more like what was interesting me at the time that I could go and do. So when you go around that way, it's sort of like the difference between listening to the radio and looking for a CD in a store. I'm not saying that a formal education is necessary in art— it's not. But it broadens your scope of what you think about."

Before I did my formal education what I was doing was so much looser—so ill defined. It was more like what was interesting me at the time that I could go and do. So when you go around that way, it's sort of like the difference between listening to the radio and looking for a CD in a store. I'm not saying that a formal education is necessary in art— it's not. But it broadens your scope of what you think about."

\*i

Pick One of the Following:

(A) A Prison Sentence

(B) A College Degree  
{...That's what we thought.}

Join Student's for a Sensible Drug Policy: a group that meets to discuss and enact change to keep kids out of prisons and in school.

For more information [including meeting times and dates] email Emily at: emilyw[at]uoregon[dot]edu

\*i



Title: "Oil Wars"

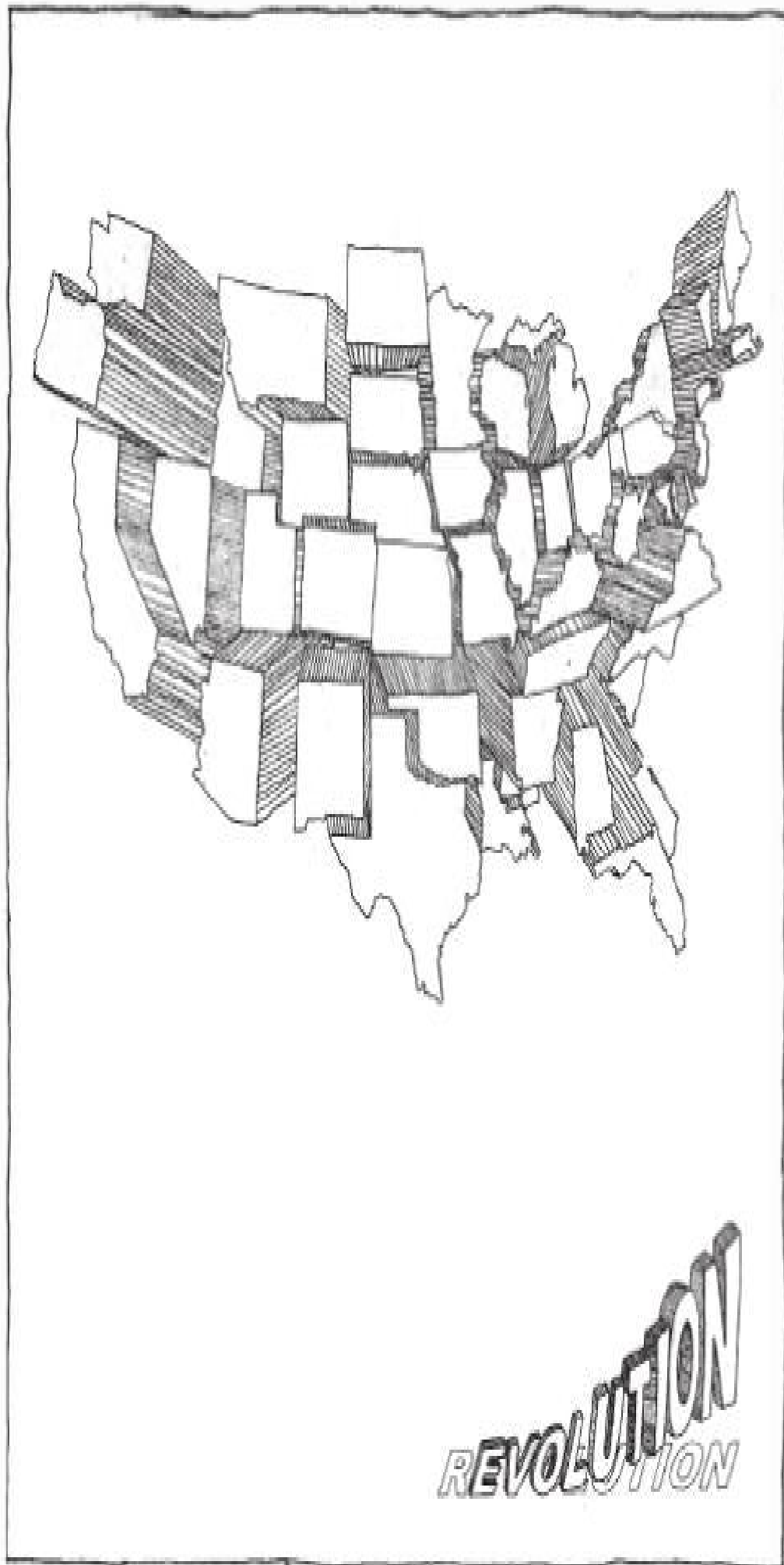
Artist: Cam Giblin



Title: No Title Submitted

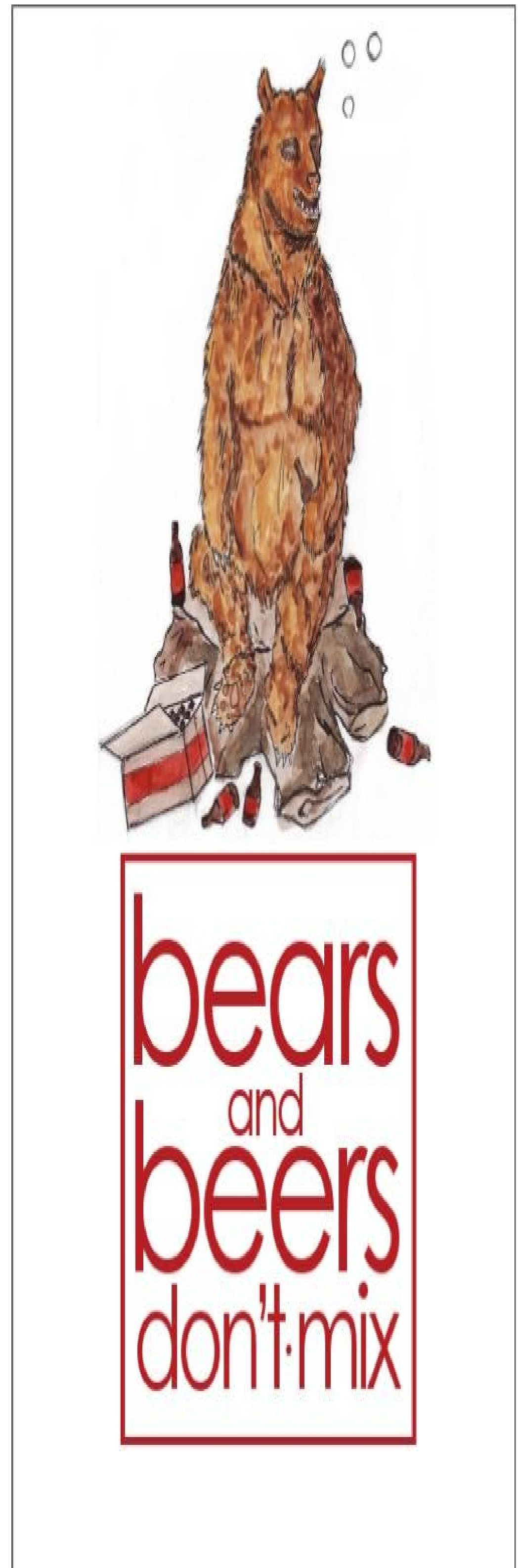
Artist: Luke Meyers





Title: "Revolution"

Artist: Keith Chaloux



Title: "PSA"

Artist: Nik Wise





Title: No Title Submitted

Artist: Alexos Kinaleis



Title: "Self Portrait"

Artist: Sage Liskey





Title: "Go for It: Rat on a Bike"

Artist: Max Smoot



Title: No Title Submitted

Artist: "Bonesaw"





Title: "Grabbyhands"

Artist: Max Smoot



Title: "Sad Robot"

Artist: Adam Alexander

# Artist Q and A

Who doesn't want to pretend that they're James Lipton? We sure do. Here are some post-interview questions we decided to throw one University art student.

**Student Insurgent:** What is your favorite word?

**Nik Wise:** Favorite word? This is amazing. I love etymology and I love words. What's my favorite word right now? I go through favorite words like Parisian women go through fashion designs. Interstitial is one of my favorite words right now.

**SI:** Spell it.

**NW:** I-n-t-e-r-i-s-t-i-g-a-l? Interstitial?? It's like banana; you can just spell it forever. I-a-n-a-n-a-n-a-n-a-n-a-n-a-n-a! Just forever- whatever! [Laughs]

**SI:** What is your least favorite word?

**NW:** Least favorite word- him- you know I've got buddies who will murder if you drop the word moist into a conversation. But I don't think I have any least favorite words. Just boring words. Just uninteresting words- but no word that just raises my ire and bile and makes me all "stabby" like moist.

**SI:** What turns you on?

**NW:** Do I have to put that one on record?

**SI:** Yes.

**NW:** I don't think that's appropriate.

**SI:** What turns you off?

**NW:** Mediocrity. Flakiness.

**SI:** What turns you on?  
**NW:** The

opposite? Ha! [Laughs] Passion I guess?

**SI:** What sound or noise do you love?

**NW:** I love the sound of when you pour out an entire bottle of wine. It goes [insert sound of a bottle of wine pouring out here- speeding up as it leaves the bottle] It's a great noise. You can do the same thing with your bottle of olive oil or vinegar- it's a great noise.

**SI:** What sound or noise do you hate?

**NW:** Oh, man there was one that was really grating the other day- there's a noise (I'm not sure where it comes from) when I lay in bed, going to sleep, that's like the knocking of pipes or something [Knocks on the table] That comes from my walls at two in the morning- and I hate that noise.

**SI:** What's your favorite curse word?

**NW:** Oh, curse words are so volumetric and so satisfying! Let's see... Shit is a good sharp- shit. You know when you cut yourself- shit. Crap- I don't know- crap isn't quite as useful I feel. Crap is more benign. Like, "I'm going to go take a crap." It's like meh, eh... Meh. Fuck is satisfying but it sort of needs to be framed. It can't really stand on its own. You can't just be like "Fuck!" and have it not be silly anymore. Uh... there are some great curse words... damn, shit... Yeah I think shit has got to be my favorite one.

**SI:** What profession/major other than your own would you like to attempt?

**NW:** I thought about doing a geography major. Sociology sounds really interesting as well.

**SI:** What profession would you not like to do?

**NW:** Oh man, data entry. I would not want to do data entry. I would not want to do all kinds of things. Anything that requires- I don't know- it's hard to distill because almost anything I wouldn't want to do.

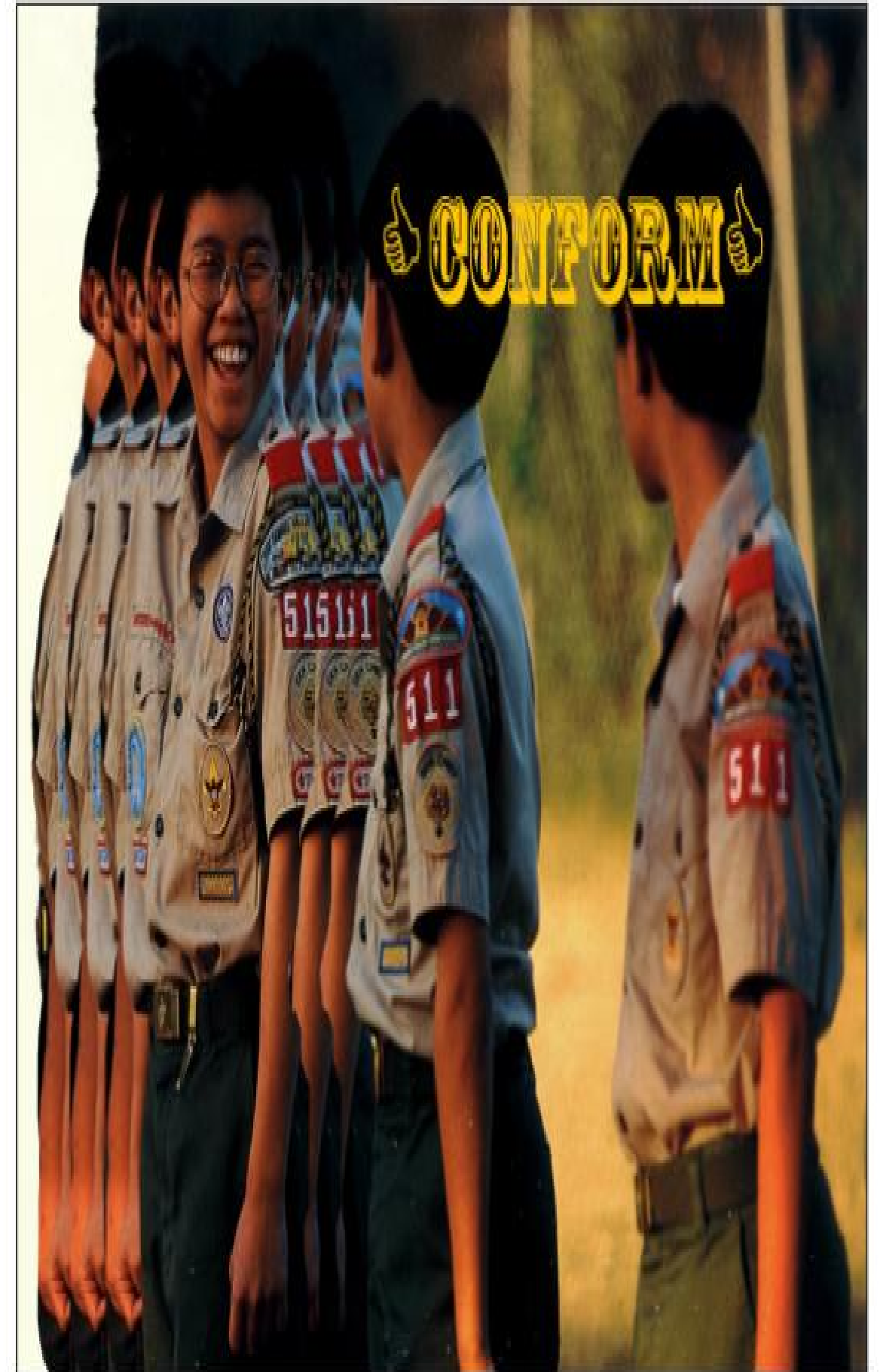
**SI:** What do you mean?

**NW:** There is just such a small subset of things that I would want to do for a living that everything else just excluded. And I feel like there are no-brainers like I wouldn't want to work in the food industry. I wouldn't want to be like a line cook at dive-bar. I wouldn't want to drive trucks. I wouldn't want to wrangle computers all day.

**SI:** If heaven exists, what would you like to hear God say when you arrive at the Pearly Gates?

**NW:** [Laughs] "Surprise!" As a pretty solid atheist- that would be it.

\*i



Title: "Conform"

Artist: Josh Kennett



Title: "Wallace the Troll"

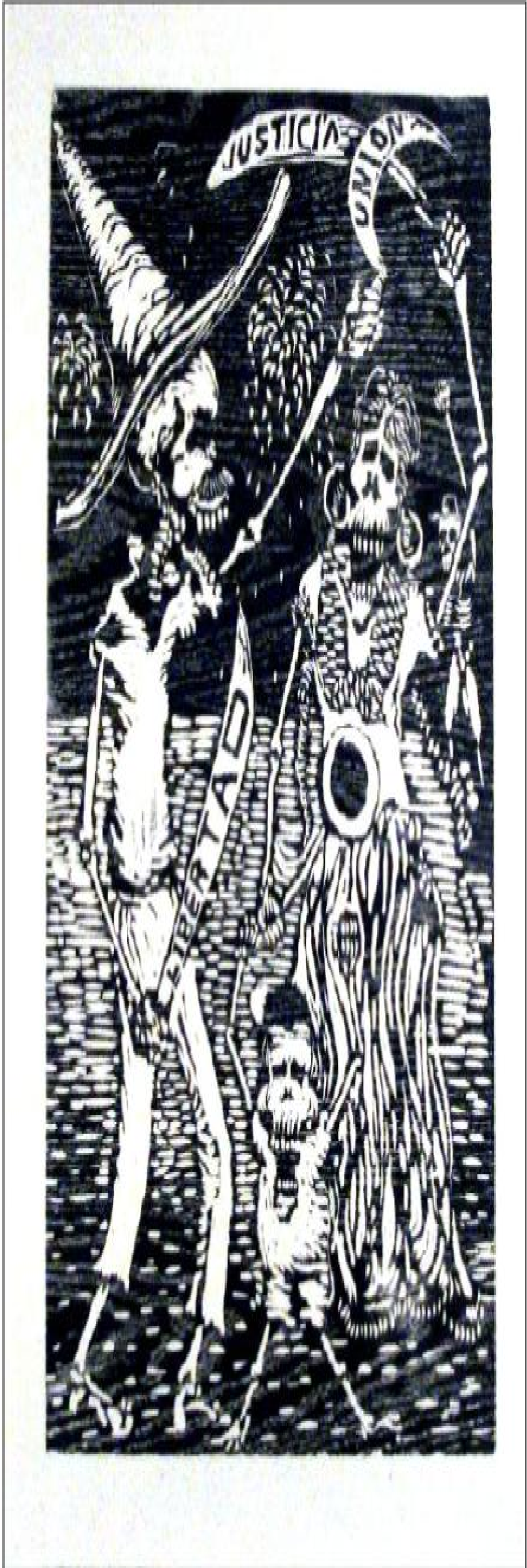
Artist: Adam Alexander





Title: "Budapest"

Artist: Nik Wise



Title: "Asaro Print One"

Artist: Unknown





Title: "True Revolution"

Artist: Phil Africa

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“War is a concept, peace is real,  
prison is conceived, freedom is  
realized, hatred is a philosophy.  
Love is *the* reality.” -John Africa

# Hey!

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